NEW CENTURY CATHOLIC SERIES

SECOND READER

BENZIGER · BROTHERS

NEW YORK · CINCINNATI · CHICAGO

Lunes – dictado
Miercoles – conversación
Viernes – Lectura
inglés
Camacho.
de Gomez
Morin
Anetil.
Rod Rodriguez

Decalogo del Estudiante – Porfirio Parra

E. N. F.
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THE NEW CENTURY CATHOLIC SERIES.

THE SECOND READER.

NEW YORK, CINCINNATI, CHICAGO

BENZIGER BROTHERS

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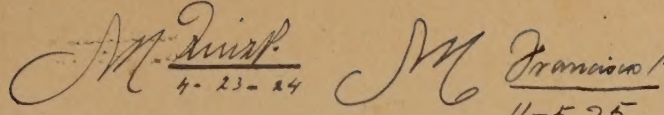

INTRODUCTORY.

THE design of this book is to help children learn to read. To this end great care has been taken to provide interesting and attractive lessons, since much of the difficulty of learning is done away with when once the interest of the child is assured.

The words employed are many more than in the First Reader, so as to increase, without overburdening, the pupil's vocabulary; they are restricted to such as are in every-day use and are easily understood.

Each new word appears at the head of the lesson, except in the case of simple derivatives. All the words should be carefully studied for their spelling and meaning, and for their pronunciation as well; for the latter, the phonic marks, when once mastered, will prove a great help. A key to these marks will be found toward the end of the book.

Very few strictly religious lessons find a place here, but the whole tone of the book is so unmistakably Catholic as to make it suitable for Catholic schools only.

Particular attention is called to the illustrations; it is believed that they will tend to cultivate a love for the beautiful and elevate the taste of the pupils, and it is hoped they will be appreciated.

Grateful acknowledgment is made to Catholic teachers throughout the country for many kind and valuable suggestions in preparing this book. Our thanks are also tendered to Rev. Father Tabb, the author, and to Messrs. Small, Maynard & Co., his publishers, for permission to use the delightful little poem, "High and Low."

The selection from Alice Cary's Poems is used by permission of and special arrangement with Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., the authorized publishers of the writings of this author, and to these gentlemen we are indebted for their courtesy.

THE PUBLISHERS.

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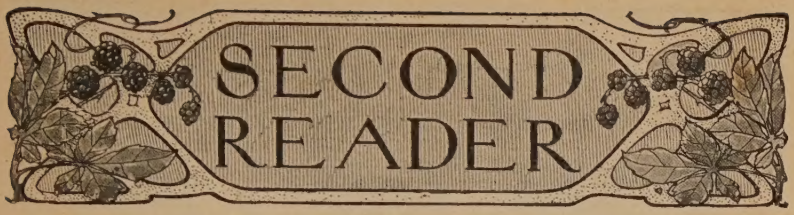


cär päst gōes fĕnç′ĕs
çĕnt rīde gō′ĭng trŏl′leў
bĕt′tẽr à bōard′ bẽ sīdes′

Lesson 1.—A Trolley Ride.

Come, boys and girls, take a ride with us?

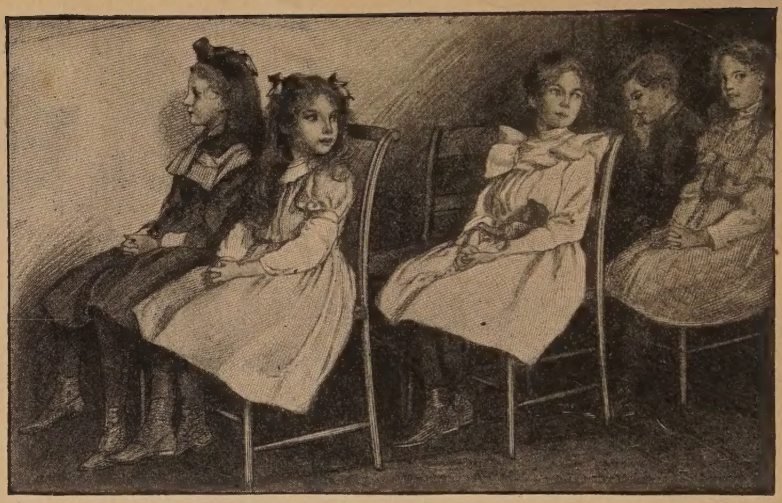
We shall be glad to have you. We are going out for a long trolley ride.

Here is the car waiting for us.

I like it better than a horse car. It goes very much faster.

Jump in! It's a free ride for all our friends. No one will have to pay a cent.

There's the bell! All aboard! Now we are off.



See how fast we go! The fences and houses seem to fly past!

The day is bright and the air is warm. Besides, so many friends make it pleasant.

I wish my mother were here. I know she would like the ride.

Take care, children, that you do not tumble off. Here we are. All out!

Language Lesson.

It's stands for *it is*; *there's* stands for *there is*.

shĭp	mo͝ve	dĕcks	twĕn′ tў
sĭlk	sto͝od	nĕcks	bŭn′ dle
hōld	mȧsts	chāi̇ns	căp′ tai̇n
gōld	quăck	bė̆ găn′	sāi̇l′ ors
	sāi̇l′ ĭng	bė̆ twēen′	

Lesson 2.—I Saw a Ship A-Sailing.

I saw a ship a-sailing,
With apples in its hold;
The sails were made of silk
And the masts were made of gold.

The four-and-twenty sailors
That stood between the decks
Were four-and-twenty white mice,
With chains about their necks.

The captain was a duck,
With a bundle on his back;
And when the ship began to move,
The captain said, "Quack! quack!"

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils copy the verses.

rŭg sō*a*p quē*e*r
pā*g*e wȯn′ dĕr tą/k′ ĭng
be*a*ū′ tĭ fụl bŭb′ ble*s*

Lesson 3.—What Can It Be?

What a queer dress this boy has on! How happy he looks stretched out there on that rug! He is blowing soap bubbles. That is great fun. Did you ever try it? Did you ever blow great, big, beautiful bubbles?

Look at the boys on the next page.

I wonder what they are doing? The largest boy looks as if he were on his way to school. He is looking at something in his hands.

Look carefully at the picture. How many boys are in it? What do you think they are talking about and what are they looking at?

Language Lesson.

Write the names of six things at which you think the boys may be looking.

āt*e*	nē*ar*	ūṣed	pŏck′ ĕt
sew	we*â*r	spĕndṣ	squĭr′ rĕl
bĭt	c*o*m*b*	ŭn tĭl′	shō*u*l′dẽr
sĭt	fr*o*nt	*a* frā*i*d′	ăn′ ĭ m*a*lṣ

Lesson 4.—A Pet Squirrel.

My mother spends the summer at an old house in the country. Back of this house is a beautiful garden, where mother likes to sit and sew on fine days.

Mother is very kind to animals, and has made friends with a squirrel that lives in a tree near by. The squirrel is not a bit afraid. It will run up mother's chair and sit on her shoulder.

Sometimes mother puts some nuts in her pocket. Then the squirrel will caper about until it gets hold of the nuts, when it will run off.

At one time mother used to wear a back comb that was very high. What do you think the squirrel would do?

It would sit on mother's shoulder, and as it ate the nuts would drop the shells on her head in front of the comb. Wasn't that cunning?

Language Lesson.

Wasn't stands for *was not.*

Write five sentences about a squirrel.

slȳ dēer crụ′ĕl fĕl′lo̊w
chāse trĭcks bĕ gĭn′ hŭnt′ ẽr
quī′ĕt lў browṣ′ĭng ere*a*′tu̇res

Lesson 5.—The Fox.

Here is the fox at his old tricks again. He is trying to catch these birds. They are pretty birds, but the fox wants to eat them. That is all he cares for. He would like to catch both, but one would do, if he can not get more. He is a sly fellow.

The two deer in the

picture are pretty creatures.

They are browsing quietly now, but soon the hunter's horn will be heard.

Then will begin a race for life. Men and dogs will chase the poor deer, and run them down. Isn't it too bad that men should be so cruel?

Language Lesson.

Browsing means *eating.*

Let the pupils' answers, whether oral or written, always be in complete sentences.

What is the fox trying to do?
How many birds are in the picture?

drȳ	clē*ar*	wĭnd	plănts
kīt*e*	ē*a*st	gām*e*	wĭth′ ẽr
stā*y*	mē*a*t	Frăn*k*	wĭn′ dō*w*
	out′ dōorş′	nȯth′ ĭng	

Lesson 6.—Rain.

"Oh," said little Frank, as he looked out of the window, "how it rains!

"The milkman said this morning that the wind is east, and that an east wind brings rain, so that doesn't look as if it would soon clear up.

"I don't see the use of so much rain. I have to stay in the house while I want to be outdoors playing. I can not fly a kite, nor spin my top, nor play ball nor any outdoor game."

"So you don't like the rain," said his mother, who had heard him. "Do you know what would happen if there were no rain?

"The ground would dry up. The trees and other plants would wither away; there would be no pretty flowers. We should have no fruit, no corn, no wheat. All would die for want of the water that the rain brings us.

"As for the cows, the sheep, the lambs, and the other animals, they would go with the rest, for there would be nothing for them to eat.

"When the cattle, the corn, and the wheat die, then we shall die, for our bread and meat will be gone.

"Always remember, Frank, who it is that sends the rain. He knows what is best for us, and we should thank Him every day for all He does for us."

Language Lesson.

Why did Frank dislike rain?
What did rain keep Frank from doing?

ĕnd ēach rāiṣe sŏr′ rў

dȯne ought mīndṣ dĭg′ gĭng

stŭd′ ĭed ȧ shāmed′ bē ȩa̤uṣe′

Lesson 7.—Be Up and Doing.

Last year my father told my sister Mary that we could have the ground at the end of the garden, to do with it as we liked.

So we made up our minds to raise flowers.

Mary went to work at once. She was up bright and early, digging, planting, and looking after her garden.

But while Mary was at work in the morning I was still in bed. When I did get up, there was only time to get something to eat, and hurry off to school.

After school I played a while and after that I studied my lessons.

Now and then I thought of the garden, but only to put off the work until, at last, it was too late.

When I saw the flowers in Mary's garden, I was both sorry and ashamed; sorry because I had no garden, and ashamed because I had not done what I ought to do.

It has been a lesson to me, I hope, and after this I shall try to do at once whatever I ought to do, and not put it off.

Some plants begin to wither if they get dry.

I have a squirrel that is sly and full of tricks. Some animals are cruel.

Do you mind taking a ride in a trolley car? We can not go with you; we are going sailing with Captain Frank in his ship. We are not a bit afraid when he is aboard; besides we are good sailors.

You ought not to sit near that window, because the wind comes in.

While I stood talking quietly here, a queer fellow went past with twenty bundles of silk on his shoulder.

Wear these gold chains round your necks when you go outdoors.

Blowing bubbles is a fine game.

I am sorry that I used your soap.

When the hunter goes to chase the deer, a wagon goes after the meat.

The cattle are browsing between the hills; they are fine creatures.

This is the end of the page. Hold it in front of you. Do not stay at it long, after you have studied it.

It is not clear; the wind is east.

"Quack, quack," says the duck.

Please sew this rug.

My kite is on one of the high fences. I wonder if it can move.

I am ashamed to say that Frank has nothing, not a cent. He spends all he gets.

The sailors began to-day to raise the masts from the decks; they are nearly done.

Each girl has a comb in her pocket.

I am digging now to plant.

whȳ	mĕ*a*nt	sure	läugh
hâ*i*r	plŭmp	rōs′ y̆	c*h*ēeks
stĕm	dȧnç*e*	ȧ līk*e*′	chĕr′ rĭeş

Lesson 9.—Two Little Ones.

Here is a very pretty little baby. Her cheeks are plump and rosy.

She looks as if she could not laugh if she should try. But that mouth was meant to laugh. Those big eyes can dance with fun, I know.

What is meant by that? Did you ever see any one's eyes dance?

I wonder who this other girl is? She may be the baby's sister.

Her eyes are blue and her hair is brown.

She has a basket of cherries in one hand. In the other she has two ripe cherries on one stem.

She holds them out as if she meant you to take them. Why don't you take them? I am sure you like ripe cherries.

Language Lesson.

How does baby look? What has she in her hands? What is the color of the other girl's eyes and hair?

Let the pupils write the following homonyms, and use them in short sentences.

be	by	dear	hear
bee	buy	deer	here

kĭng bu͟ilt rōṣ′ ĕṣ dą*ugh*′ tẽr
grew chûrch wĭn′ tẽr măr′ rĭed
fo͞od pī′ *o*ŭs nẽr sĕlf′ sûr prīṣe′
spĕnt stā′ ble hŭṣ′ b*a*nd mĭr′ ȧ ċle
ăl lowed′ pẽr mĭt′ tĕd Ė lĭz′ ȧ bĕth

Lesson 10.—St. Elizabeth.

The great St. Elizabeth, who was a very pious girl, was the daughter of a king. When she grew up she married and was happy.

One day her husband met her carrying something under her cloak. It was a basket of food for some poor people. She did not want her husband to know this, so, when he asked what she had, she did not answer.

Then he opened her cloak, but, to his surprise, found only some beautiful roses. It was a miracle.

When Elizabeth was married six years, her husband died. Then his cruel brother turned Elizabeth and her four little children out of doors. It was winter and bitterly cold, but she was not allowed to take anything with her.

No one was allowed to give her a home or food. She, the daughter of a king, was poorer than the poorest. At last, one man permitted her to sleep in his stable.

Some time after, Elizabeth was allowed to go back to her home. After that her time was spent in helping the poor and the sick. She, herself, lived on bread and water.

When she died a beautiful church was built in her honor.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils copy all the words of seven, eight, and nine letters.

rŭb grōwn
härd spĕck
skĭn tī′ nў
dŭst lọṣ′ ĕṣ
ĕggṣ ĭt sĕlf′
bûrst sc*e*āl*e*
wrăps smạl′ ẽr
c*e*rŭm′ pl*e*d
c*e*ăt′ ẽr pĭl′ lar
wȯn′ dẽr fụl

Lesson 11.—A Butterfly.

"What have you there, Fred?" asked Sister Mary Joseph of a boy who was looking at something in his hand.

"It's a butterfly, Sister," answered the boy. "And see, its colors rub off; there is a kind of dust on my hand."

"That is not queer, Fred," said the Sister. "Each speck of that dust is a tiny colored scale.

"These scales give the colors to the butterfly's wings.

"How wonderful the butterfly is! Think of its many changes!

"First are the eggs. After a time they burst open, and from each comes a caterpillar.

"This at once begins to eat. It eats the leaves that are near it. Sometimes it eats the shell of its egg. It eats until it can eat no more.

"Then it stays still until its skin bursts, when it creeps out. After that it starts in again to eat, and in time it is a full-grown caterpillar.

"When it can not grow larger nor eat any more, it fastens itself on a leaf or some other thing.

"Sometimes it spins from its mouth a thread of silk which it wraps round and round itself. Covered in this way it grows smaller and smaller."

"Does it die then, Sister?" asked Fred.

"Oh, no; after a time it bursts its covering, and a new creature works its way out. This stays in one place for some days. Then the skin of this creature bursts open, and out comes the butterfly.

"Its wings are so crumpled up that it is hard to see them. But if we watch, we shall see it move about, begin to spread its wings, rise into the air, and then away it goes, looking like a beautiful flying flower!"

rō*w*	bo͝ot	c̸ŏb′ blẽr	chȧnçed
lō*w*	sho͝e	slĭp′ pẽr	nē*i*′thẽr

Lesson 12.—High and Low.

A Boot and a Shoe and a Slipper
Lived once in the Cobbler's row;
But the Boot and the Shoe
Would have nothing to do
With the Slipper, because she was low.

But the king and the queen and their daughter
On the Cobbler chanced to call;
And as neither the Boot
Nor the Shoe would suit,
The Slipper went off to the ball.

---

lī*e*	nōs̱*e*	pō′ nў	slĕn′ dẽr
c̸ōlt	drŏp	ġĕn′ tl*e*	ė nough′
pu̱sh	dra̱*w*	to͝uch	c̸ăr′ rĭ*a*ġ*e*
whĭp	drīv*e*	yo͝ung	sŭd′ dĕn lў

Lesson 13.—The Horse.

This is Hunter, our horse. See what a fine head and neck he has!

What beautiful eyes! What slender limbs!

Hunter is so gentle that my mother or my sisters can drive him safely. There is no need of a whip; a word or a touch is enough to let him know how and where to go.

Hunter is very strong. He can draw with ease a carriage with four grown people in it, and go along quite fast.

Sometimes our stable man, Tom, will lie down on Hunter's bed to rest, and fall asleep.

When Hunter thinks Tom has been there long enough he gives him a push with his nose. Then if Tom does not get up, Hunter picks him up by his coat and drops him suddenly.

A young horse is called a colt, and a very small horse is a pony. The pony is a pretty animal.

ćŭd	vē*a*l	p*i*ēç*e*	swạl′ lō*w*ṣ
ćä*l*f	pụl*l*ṣ	ćrē*a*m	chûrn′ ĭng
bē*e*f	flĕsh	ŭp′ pẽr	chew′ ĭng
hōō*f*	bīt*e*s	mọv′ ĭng	sĕp′ ȧ rā′ tĕd

Lesson 14.—The Cow.

Now let me tell you something about our cow.

The mouth of the cow is not like that of the horse. The horse has both upper and lower teeth. The cow has no front upper teeth. When a horse eats grass in a field he bites it off. A cow pulls it off, and swallows it without chewing.

Little by little, balls of grass come back into the cow's mouth. These are the cud. This cud she chews well and swallows again. It is chewing the cud that keeps her mouth moving.

The hoof of a cow is not like that of a horse. The horse's hoof is in one piece; the cow's is in two pieces.

The cow is of great use to us. She gives us sweet milk, without which many a child could not live. From milk we make butter and cheese.

A little girl who was in the country for the first time saw some women milking cows.

"Please," she said, "which is the cow that gives buttermilk?" The women laughed, for buttermilk is the milk that is left after the butter is separated from the cream by churning.

A calf is the young of the cow. The flesh of the cow, when used for food, is called beef. That of the calf is called veal.

Lesson 15.—Review.

Let the pupils use these words in sentences. Particular attention ought to be paid to the pronunciation.

lie	sure	touch	loses	cobbler
low	hair	grown	piece	smaller
row	stem	drive	cream	married
why	eggs	tiny	wraps	chanced
cud	hard	bites	gentle	chewing
rub	calf	pious	stable	allowed
push	king	scale	itself	surprise
colt	whip	dance	church	suddenly
nose	skin	burst	winter	crumpled
pony	draw	young	cheeks	swallows
rosy	veal	plump	moving	daughter
shoe	beef	laugh	enough	carriage
boot	grew	built	herself	churning
hoof	roses	meant	slipper	wonderful
food	spent	alike	miracle	cherries
drop	speck	upper	neither	separated
dust	flesh	pulls	slender	husband

permitted caterpillar Elizabeth

wĕt	wạrm	sĭeve	bŏt′ tȯm
ōats	pōles	shāke	mĭt′ tĕnş
wạsh	wrĭst	gĭv′ ĭng	pẽr hăps′

pĭtch′ fôrk′ pō tā′ tōeş hăng′ ĭng

Lesson 16.—What is She Looking At?

I wonder what this girl is looking at! Perhaps the tub is full of water, and she has dropped something into it; or maybe there are fishes in the tub and she is watching them.

There is a basket of potatoes near the tub. Perhaps the girl is going to wash the potatoes.

If she means to do that she ought to take off her mittens or they will get wet. I see that her mittens are the kind that cover the hand and wrist. They are not very warm in cold weather.

Back of the tub are some poles and a pitchfork. There is a sieve hanging on the wall. The bottom of a sieve is a network. In a barn a sieve is used to shake the dust out of oats before giving them to the horses.

Perhaps the tub, sieve, pitchfork, and poles may all belong in the barn. Who knows?

Language Lesson.

Let the children write the names of eight things to be seen in the picture.

āge fēet rōam mä'am drowned
nąugh'ty bĕ lēve'

Lesson 17.—The Hen's Mistake.

"My dears, whatever are you at?
You ought to be at home;
I told you not to wet your feet,
I told you not to roam.

"O dear! I'm sure you will be drowned,
I never saw such tricks;
Come home at once and go to bed,
You naughty, naughty chicks!"

Now most of them were five days old,
But one, whose age was six—
"Please, ma'am," said he, "I think we're ducks;
I don't believe we're chicks."

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils write the following homonyms, and use them in sentences.

no	nose	to	wood
know	knows	two	would

cry	crown	Mr.	sēat′ĕd
tīde	wāves	bow	fōōl′ĭsh
bădе	ō bey′	wĭnged	Ca nūte′
hŭng	rōl*l*ed	hēaped	rough
	Eng′land	flăt′tĕred	

Lesson 18.—At the Seashore.

"Come, girls, who wants to go for a sail?" asked Mr. White.

"I do! I do!" was the cry, and the party was soon ready.

Down the road they went, stopping only to pick a flower or to chase some bright-winged butterfly, and a short time found them at the seashore.

How rough it was! Great brown

rocks lay heaped about, while tumbling over them came the sea with a roar. Not far away lay a big boat.

While waiting for this boat to be made ready, Mr. White happened to say that the sea made him think of Canute.

"Who was he? Tell us about him!" cried the girls.

"Canute," said Mr. White, "was king of England many, many years ago.

"Like most kings he was much flattered. One day, while walking along the seashore, some of his lords told him that he was so great the very waves would obey him.

"To teach them a lesson, the king seated himself and bade the tide turn back. Higher and higher rolled the waves, nearer and nearer came the water, till at last it washed over his feet.

"Turning to his lords the pious king said, 'See, O you foolish men! the waves do not obey. There is only One whose word they will obey. He is the King of heaven and of earth. To Him we all must bow.'

"Then taking the crown from his head, he hung it on a cross and never put it on again.—But, see! our boat is ready; jump aboard!"

Lesson 19.—A Language Exercise.

When you read verses, such as those about the ducks, on page 37, you will see that some words sound like others, as *home* and *roam*, *six* and *tricks*. These words are said to rhyme.

One of the best ways to find rhymes is to change, in the order of the alphabet, the first letter and the second letters of the word for which the rhyme is wanted, as, for example:

hat	b-at	c-at	f-at	m-at	p-at
ring	s-ing	w-ing	br-ing	fl-ing	st-ing

Here are some words for which you may find rhymes. When you have found them, write them down.

ball	dear	got	in	kind
man	fast	had	jump	late

Let the pupils write the following homonyms, and use them in sentences.

our	flour	rose	their
hour	flower	rows	there

çĕl*l*	hạwk	fŏr′ĕst	pẽrch*e*d
o͞o	*k*nĕlt	Vĭc′tọr	Mȧrĭ′ȧ
pĕt	ŏf′ *te*n	strānġ*e*	spăr′rṓw
Ä′vẹ	pounç*e*	sŏft′lў	dē vō′tion
hā*i*l	serē*a*m	dūr′ĭng	frī*gh*t′en*e*d

Lesson 20.—St. Victor's Sparrow.

We all know there are birds that sing, coo, scream, and talk, but I have never heard of more than one sparrow that could talk. It was the pet of a holy man, a saint, Victor by name, and it lived alone with him in his little cell in a forest.

Like all saints, Victor had great devotion to our Blessed Mother. Many times a day he would raise his heart to her who is the Queen of all saints, and cry out "Ave Maria." These words the sparrow heard so often that at last it could say them itself.

When the saint first heard the bird say these words he thought an angel had come down from heaven, but when he found it was his pet that spoke, he was more fond of it than ever, and "Ave

Maria" was heard more often than before.

One day the saint, looking out of his cell, saw a hawk chasing his pet. The cruel bird was getting nearer and nearer, and was ready to pounce upon the sparrow, when the little creature cried out, "Ave Maria."

A talking sparrow was something the hawk had never met before. For a moment it stopped the chase. In that moment the sparrow reached the cell. Still frightened, it perched on the saint's shoulder, and then, as if happy that it was safe, cried out again, "Ave Maria."

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils memorize these verses and write them from memory.

Whichever way the wind doth blow
Some heart is glad to have it so.
Then blow it east or blow it west,
The wind that blows, that wind is best

Ä*h*	dŭ*l*/	lē*a*st	hĕ*a*v′ y̆
fĭt	bŭdş	shō*n*e	wĕ*a*th′ ẽr
ĕls*e*	sĭg*n*	sprĭng	ăd*d*′ ĕd
bâr*e*	fō/ks	ŭn̲′ el*e*	Nā′ tûr*e*
	prō tĕets′		branch′ ĕş

Lesson 21.—Fruit.

"Uncle," asked Fred, "what do you like best to eat?"

"I?" said his uncle. "Why, I like fruit better than anything else."

"So do I," said Fred. Then, after a moment, he added, "How strange that ripe fruit, which is so soft, should grow on hard, dry trees that sometimes look as if they were dead and fit for nothing."

"It may seem strange, but those trees are not dead, they are only asleep. Their hard, dry covering protects the life of the tree," said his uncle.

"I remember an old peach tree that stood in our garden at home when I was a boy. Many and many a winter did I think it was dead. Its branches were bare, and there was not the least sign of life.

"By and by the weather would grow warmer. Spring was on its way. Then a change would come over the tree. Some morning I would see tiny leaves on it. Shortly after little buds would appear.

"Then, all of a sudden, the tree that I thought dead would be beautiful with flowers. These would last only a short time, but, as the days grew longer, the tree would be covered with green leaves, and

then with little hard green balls.

"Every day saw these balls grow, and as they grew and the sun shone on them their dull green changed to bright yellows and warm reds, and soon the tree was heavy with big, ripe peaches.

"'Ah,' some folks will say, 'how wonderful Nature is!' Why not say, 'how great is God,' for it is from Him that all good comes."

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils learn to write the names of the days of the week, and to use them in sentences.

sĕt	ī′ron	shāp*e*	hŭm′ ble
hŏt	shŏp	wȯrld	bē cām*e*′
fīr*e*	pärt	stĭcks	hăm′ mēr
bē*a*ts	çĭt′ y	ăn′vĭl	lē*a*rned

blăck′ smĭth′ lăn′ guȧġ ĕṣ

Lesson 22.—The Blacksmith.

In the city not many people ever go into a blacksmith's shop, but in the country every one, young and old, goes there: the children, to watch the smith at his work, the old folks, to talk.

I like to watch a blacksmith at work. He sticks the iron that he wants to shape into the fire, and keeps it there till it is red hot. When red hot, iron is soft. Then the smith puts it on his anvil, and with a heavy hammer beats it into whatever shape he pleases.

In times gone by, the smith made horse-shoes, but now he buys them ready made, as he does many other things, and has only to fit them to the horses' feet.

There have been blacksmiths who became known for something else than making horseshoes. When not at work they studied. One of them learned so many languages that he

was known in this country and in England as "the learned blacksmith."

Another studied till he knew almost every star in the heavens, and could tell when the sun rose and set in any part of the world.

So we see that no matter how humble our place in life may be, we can make it better if we try hard enough in the right way.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils pick out from the Lesson and write four words of six letters, two of eight letters, and two of ten.

Let them point out the words that have the long sound of the vowels.

The teacher might read to the class Longfellow's "The Village Blacksmith."

Memory Gem.

Be you to others kind and true
As you'd have others be to you.

lŏst wēek trŏd′ den tĕr′ rĭ blў
fīnd cûrled pret′ tĭ ĕst chärm′ ĭng lў

Lesson 23.—The Lost Doll.

I once had a sweet little doll, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world;
Her cheeks were so red and so white, dears,
And her hair was so charmingly curled!
But I lost my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the fields one day;
And I cried for her more than a week, dears,
But I never could find where she lay.

I found my poor little doll, dears,
As I played in the fields one day;
Folks say she is terribly changed, dears,
For her paint is all washed away,
And her arm trodden off by the cows, dears,
And her hair not the least bit curled;
Yet, for old sake's sake, she is still, dears,
The prettiest doll in the world.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils memorize the above verses.

săt	dōor	stâi̇rş	mĭd′ dle
bĕd	hūġe	sīzed	ĭn′ sīde
sȯn	sọup	tāst′ ĕd	stĕpped
tōō	bōwlş	ạl′ mōst	fĭn′ ĭshed
wēe	beârş	brō′ ken	Gōld′ en-hâi̇r

Lesson 24.—The Three Bears.

One day a little girl named Golden-hair went out for a walk, and as she was going along she saw a pretty little house.

This house was the home of three bears: Great Huge Bear, the father; Middle Sized Bear, the mother; and Little Wee Bear, the son.

As the door of the house was open Golden-hair stepped inside. On a table stood three bowls of soup: a great huge bowl for the Great Huge Bear, a middle sized bowl for

the Middle Sized Bear, and a little wee bowl for the Little Wee Bear.

This looks good, thought the little girl, so she tasted the soup of the Great Huge Bear, but found that it was very cold; then she tasted the soup of the Middle Sized Bear, but that was so hot she could not eat it; at last she tasted the soup of the Little Wee Bear, and as that was neither too hot nor too cold she thought she would try it.

There were three chairs in the room: a great huge chair for the Great Huge Bear, a middle sized chair for the Middle Sized Bear, and a little wee chair for the Little Wee Bear. Golden-hair tried them all.

One was too hard, another was too soft, but the little wee chair was neither too hard nor too soft, so Golden-hair sat on that to eat the soup. She had almost finished it, when away went the little wee chair, broken to pieces, while the bowl tumbled off on to the floor.

The little girl got up, and went up-stairs to look at the bedrooms. There were three rooms. In one room was a great huge bed for the Great Huge Bear, in another was a middle sized bed for the Middle Sized Bear, and in

the last a little wee bed for the Little Wee Bear.

This is nice, thought Golden-hair, I'll lie down a little while. But one bed was too high at the head; another was too low; at last she tried the little wee bed, and as that was neither too high nor too low, she lay down, and was soon fast asleep.

---

voiçe sē*a*rch hŭr′rĭed growl*e*d
shrĭl*l* ē*a*t′*e*n shout′ĕd sŏm*e*′bŏdў

Lesson 25.—The Three Bears (*Continued*).

While Golden-hair was asleep, who should come back to the house but the three bears. They were hungry after their walk, and went at once to their bowls to get some soup.

As soon as the Great Huge Bear picked up his bowl he cried out, "Some-

body has been at my soup." "And somebody has been at MY soup," said the Middle Sized Bear. Then the Little Wee Bear saw his bowl on the floor, and he cried out in his little wee voice, "Somebody has been at MY soup and eaten it all."

Then the Great Huge Bear, looking at his chair, growled in his great huge voice, "Somebody has been sitting in my chair." At the same moment the Middle Sized Bear shouted in a middle sized voice, "Somebody has been sitting in MY chair," and the Little Wee Bear cried out in a little wee voice, "Somebody has been sitting in MY chair and broken it."

Then the three bears went upstairs to begin a search. As soon as the Great Huge Bear looked into his

room he said in his great huge voice, "Somebody has been lying on my bed." "Somebody has been lying on MY bed," shouted the Middle Sized Bear in a middle sized voice, as she looked into her room. "And somebody has been lying on MY bed," cried the Little Wee Bear in a shrill voice, "AND HERE SHE IS."

The shrill voice of the Little Wee Bear made Golden-hair wake up. The sight of the bear, as she opened her eyes, frightened her, as you may believe. She jumped up, ran downstairs, and was out of the house as fast as she could go. The three bears hurried to the window, but she was too quick for them, and they never saw her again.

fĭst	¢oin	¢ount	fŏl′lo̊w
slăp	tō*a*d	mĕr′rў	bŭt′t*o*n
lĭv*e*	hīdeş	ĕmp′tў	plā*y*′ĕr
	hŏp*p*ed	g*u*ĕs*s*′ĭng	

Lesson 26.—A Guessing Game.

See these children! How they seem to enjoy their game! Let us count them and see how many are playing. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven! Four boys and three girls.

Do you know the game that they are playing? One player hides something small, like a coin or a button, in one hand, and the other players take turns at guessing in which hand it is.

In the picture the girl who stands up is "it," and the little fellow with one hand stretched out is trying to guess which hand holds the button.

He is full of fun. One can almost hear him laugh! In a moment he will slap the girl on one hand with his fist, and then will follow his merry laugh.

Perhaps the girl has both hands empty. Once, when I was a child, a girl who was supposed to have a button in her hand opened it suddenly, and a live toad hopped out. How the children did scream and jump! As if a little toad could hurt them!

lăp	ḥour	ạl′tar	lēaṅed
fēlt	stōne	stăt′ŭe	Hĕr′mạ̊n
hĕld	shōw	ɛärved	Ġĕr′mạ̊nў
trụe	stōōp	lĭl′ĭcẹ	hŭn′drĕd

Lesson 27.—Herman Joseph and the Apple.

Hundreds of years ago there lived in Germany a poor woman who had a little boy named Herman Joseph. He was a pious little fellow, and dearly loved the Blessed Mother of God.

In one of the churches near the boy's home, there was a beautiful statue of our Blessed Mother holding the Holy Child Jesus on her lap. Under this statue stood a finely carved stone altar, with stone lilies at each side, reaching up almost to the Holy Child's hands.

To this church Herman Joseph loved to go, and there he would stay,

But how was he to reach the statue? What should he do? Ah, he thought, why not ask the help of our Blessed Mother?

"Oh, please stoop down and take it for Him, holy Mother," he cried; "I can not reach so high." And at these words our Blessed Mother leaned over and took the apple from the loving boy's hands.

From that time, as if Our Lady wanted every one to know of the boy's love, the statue stayed as it was at the moment she took the apple.

There are many other stories told of Herman Joseph, as pretty as this. You must read his life, some day.

Language Lesson.

Where did Herman Joseph live? Where did he like to go? Why did he like to go to the church? What happened when he offered the apple to the statue of the Holy Child?

pāl*e*	lā′ dў	rōv′ ĭng
wē*e*p	wh*o*m	rĕst′ ĭng
bōld	a bo̊v*e*′	fŏr ĕv′ ẽr

Lesson 28.—Lady Moon.

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"

"Over the sea."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"

"All that love me."

"Are you not tired with rolling, and never
Resting to sleep?
Why look so pale and sad, as forever
Wishing to weep?"

"Ask me not this, little child, if you love me;
You are too bold;
I must obey my dear Father above me,
And do as I'm told."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, where are you roving?"

"Over the sea."

"Lady Moon, Lady Moon, whom are you loving?"

"All that love me."

jŭst	glȧs*s*	o'clŏck′	clōthe*s*
trăp	prĭnçe	rē*a*′ s*o*n	tĕm′ pēred
răg*s*	twĕlv*e*	kĭ*t*ch′ ĕn	cō*a*ch′ m*a*n
fĭrst	fȧ*i*r′ y	pŭmp′ kĭn	Çĭn′ dĕr ĕl′ lȧ

Lesson 29.—Cinderella.

There was once a man who had a daughter, a sweet child. When she was quite small her mother died.

Some time after, her father married a woman who had two bad-tempered daughters. They were very cruel to the first girl: they made her do all the work, kept her in the kitchen, and called her Cinderella.

One day the king's son, the young prince, asked all the people who lived near to a ball that he was to give. From that time Cinderella was kept hard at work getting the other girls ready.

When the night came, the sisters

started off for the ball, dressed in their finest clothes, but Cinderella was left home in her rags.

The poor girl sat in the kitchen crying bitterly, for she, too, wanted to go to the ball, when who should come in but her godmother.

Now this old lady was a fairy, and when she saw that Cinderella was crying she knew the reason. "You want to go to the ball," she said, "and so you shall."

She ran out into the garden, but was back in just a moment, bringing with her a pumpkin and six toads. From a trap in the kitchen she took two mice, and then by a touch she changed all into a carriage and six horses with a coachman and footman.

In the same way Cinderella's poor clothes were changed into fine silk and on her feet was a pair of beautiful glass slippers.

"Now, off to the ball," said her godmother, "but remember this: Do not stay a moment after twelve o'clock, for at that time everything will change back to what it was at first, and you will be in rags again."

wōr*e*	strīk*e*	pȧs*s*ed	b*ea*ū′ tў
wīf*e*	ĕx çĕpt′	sẽrv′ *a*nt	¢ăr′ rĭed

Lesson 30.—Cinderella (*Continued*).

When Cinderella came into the ballroom the prince was charmed by her beauty. He asked her to dance, and afterward would not dance with any one else.

The time passed quickly, and before Cinderella knew it the clock began to strike twelve. Then she remembered what her godmother had said, and, without a word to the prince, she ran out of the room.

The prince hurried after her, but she was gone. The servants were asked which way she went, but they were sure, they said, that no one had passed them except a girl who looked like a servant.

Just then a man came running up with a glass slipper. When the prince saw it he cried out, "Find the one who wore that slipper, for she shall be my wife."

Then began a search. The slipper was carried from house to house for every girl to try on. At last it was taken to Cinderella's home. The two sisters tried their best to get it on, but it was of no use. Then Cinderella was called. At this the sisters laughed, but their laughing stopped when the prince's servant cried out, "The slipper fits her."

Word was sent to the prince, who hurried to see if it could be true. He knew Cinderella at once, and so they were married, and lived happily for many, many years.

bŭg	thĭrd	ā′ble	fō*u*rth
few	thĭck	bĭl/ş	twĭt′tẽr
bụsh	grā*i*n	wĭngş	grēed′ў
worm	shâr*e*	strŏng	thĕm sĕlveş

Lesson 31.—Mother-Love.

One fine summer day in the country, as I passed a thick bush, I heard the twitter of little birds. Looking over the bush, I saw a pretty sight.

There were four young birds and

the mother-bird. The young ones were hopping about, their wings moving, their bills open, waiting for something to eat. The mother-bird had their food in her bill, and dropped it into their open mouths.

To one she gave a bug, to another a fat worm, to a third a taste of fruit, and to the fourth a bit of ripe grain.

They were greedy little things. They seemed to want everything there was to eat. But their mother gave all alike. The mother-love that God gives to the least animal was strong in her, and she saw that each little bundle of feathers had its share.

It was only for a short time that the mother-bird had to feed the little ones. In a very few days they grew large and strong and were able to fly and to help themselves. Then no fly, butterfly, or insect of any kind was safe from these greedy young birds.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils write the Christian names of their father and mother; let them write the Christian names of six boys or girls.

Try, then, to be like these; love Our Lord, serve Him and do His will, and He will love you.

Jō*a*n	Frȧnç*e*	är′ mў	Eng′ lĭsh
brī*gh*t	sāv*e*	ĕn′ ē mў	prĭş′ *o*n ẽr
dĕ*a*th	bûrn*e*d	thĭr′ tē*e*n	dē fē*a*t ĕd

Lesson 33.—Joan of Arc.

Nearly five hundred years ago, there lived in France a little girl, named Joan. Her father and mother were pious people, but

very poor. The child learned to pray, to sew and to spin, and to tend sheep, but nothing more.

One day, when she was about thirteen years of age and was tending her sheep, she heard a voice calling her, and saw a bright light. She did not know where the voice came from, but it told her she would one day save her country. It bade her be not afraid, but be good and pious.

The voice she heard was a voice from heaven. Four years after, this young girl, who could not read nor write, was at the head of the army of France and defeated the great English army.

About a year after, Joan was made prisoner by the enemy. Then those for whom she had done so much did

nothing to help her, and the poor girl was burned to death by the English.

To the end she was as good and as pious as when she was a little child, and the holy Name of Jesus was the last word she spoke.

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făt	shōōt	*wh*ōl*e*	lō*a*d
toy	mīleş	slĕdş	ăr′ rō*w*ş
bō*w*	mȯnth	lămps	Ĕs′ kĭ mōş
wȯlf	stĕ*a*d	b*u*ĭld	Grēe*n*′ l*a*nd

Lesson 34.—In Cold Countries.

It is fun for our boys and girls when winter comes, and the ground is white with snow. Then they can play with their sleds and build men and houses of snow.

This is all very well for a while, but how many boys and girls would like

to live where it is winter nearly the whole year round?

There are such places. One is Greenland, so called, but very little green is to be found there, for the ground is covered with snow nearly every month in the year.

The people of Greenland are called Eskimos. Many of them live in snow houses; these houses are quite warm, and are made warmer by large lamps in which fat is burned.

The clothes of the Eskimo are made of the skins of animals. An Eskimo would look very queer to us, if we should see him dressed for cold weather, but his clothes are warm, and that is what is needed in his country.

There are no horses in Greenland, so dogs are used in their stead. The Eskimo dog is a large, strong beast, and looks something like a wolf. About twelve of these dogs will draw a sled with a heavy load many miles for days and days.

Eskimo children like to play as much as other children do, but their play is made a help to work.

As the Eskimo man must know how to shoot,

the Eskimo boy's first toy is a bow and a bundle of arrows. As the man must drive dogs, the boy's first playfellows are young dogs, which he drives before a little sled. In this way, before he grows to be a man, the boy learns to shoot and to drive.

Language Lesson.

How are the houses of the Eskimos warmed?
Of what are the clothes of the Eskimos made?
For what is the Eskimo dog used?
How does the Eskimo boy learn to shoot and to drive?

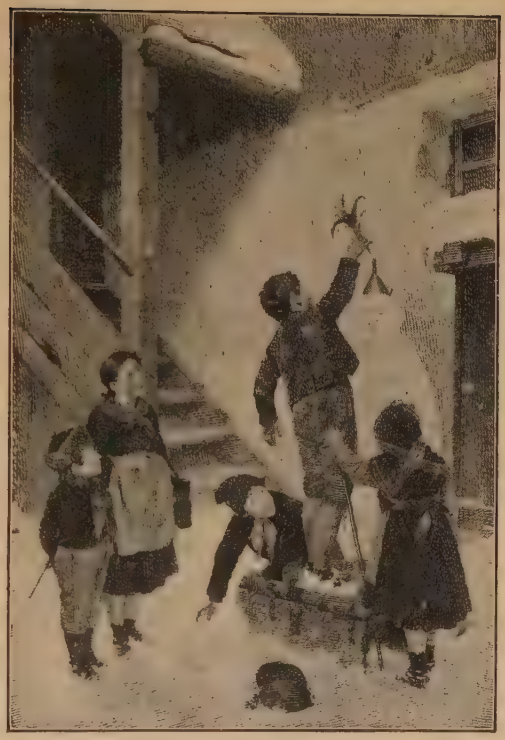
For each of the following words, let the pupils supply a word of opposite meaning, and use it in a sentence :—

large strong heavy first

Memory Gem.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things both great and small,
For the dear God, who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

lŭmp mĕlt
ea̅ne twīce
stŭck ē′ven
pĕlt′ĕd
stū′pĭd
sĕe′ond
fŭn′nĕl
māk′ĭng
whêr ĕv′ĕr



Lesson 35.—The Snow Man.

Do you know, boys and girls, that the games you play are almost the same as those played by boys and girls who live in countries far, far away?

Look at this picture. Some children are making a snow man. We know from their clothes that these children

do not live in this country. But the snow man is just about the kind you make or that we made ever so many years ago, when we were boys and girls.

There he stands, the same stupid old snow man! A girl is holding a stick that will serve as a cane. One boy has stuck a funnel on his head, and is just putting some feathers in it; a second boy is stooping for more snow, and the other children are laughing at the funny fellow.

By and by he will be pelted with snow-balls, till his head will be twice the size it is now. Then, when the weather gets warmer, he will slowly melt away, until there will be nothing left of him.

But by and by another snow man will take his place, for boys and girls, here and wherever there is snow, will make snow men even when you have grown to be men and women.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils write five lines, telling what the children in the picture are doing. Let them write the words of seven, eight, and nine letters, found in the Lesson, dividing them into syllables and giving them their correct marks for pronunciation.

What will be done to the snow man by and by?
What will happen to him when the weather gets warmer?

ō'er	lā*i*d	€ŏn tĕnt′
loud	brown	€ȯv′ ẽr lĕt
	flŭt′ tẽr ĭng	

Lesson 36.—The Wind and the Leaves.

"Come, little leaves," said the wind one day,
"Come o'er the meadows with me, and play;
Put on your dresses of red and gold,—
Summer is gone, and the days grow cold."

Soon as the leaves heard the wind's loud
call,
Down they came fluttering, one and all;
Over the brown fields they danced and flew,
Singing the soft little songs they knew.

Dancing and flying the little leaves went;
Winter had called them, and they were con-
tent.
Soon fast asleep in their earthy beds,
The snow laid a coverlet over their heads.

Language Lesson.

O'er stands for *over*. It is used in poetry.
Fluttering means moving quickly but not regularly.

Write what the wind said to the leaves.
How can leaves put on dresses of red and gold?
When do they put on these dresses?
What did the leaves do when they heard the call of the wind?
What do you understand by "laid a coverlet over their heads"?

Memory Gem.

Kind hearts are the gardens;
Kind thoughts are the roots;
Kind words are the flowers;
Kind deeds are the fruits.

mĭl*l*	lō*af*	brĕ*ad*	dŏl′ larş
flour	whē*at*	thăn*k*	mŏd′ ĕst
	ŏf′fẽr*ed*	hăp′ p*en*ed	

Lesson 37.—The Gleaners.

These two poor children have been out in the fields to gather the wheat that is left on the ground.

They never can find much, but they take the little they do gather to the mill, where they get flour for it.

With this flour their

mother makes bread. Most of our bread is made of wheat flour.

At one time, some years ago, there was very little work, and many poor people had not even enough bread to eat. To help them, a kind man offered to give a loaf of bread to every one who asked for it.

A great many went for the bread, and each one seemed to try to get the largest loaf. All except one little girl, who waited till the others were helped. Then she took what was offered to her, said "thank you," and went off happy.

This happened more than once, and the man who gave away the bread saw how modest the child was.

One day, when the girl's mother broke the loaf, to give it to her hungry

little ones, out tumbled four or five dollars.

The good woman was surprised. "These are not ours," she said. "Take them back to him who gave you the loaf." The child did as she was told.

"The dollars are for you, my dear," said the man. "I have watched you from day to day. While you needed the bread as much as any one, you waited till the others were helped. These dollars are your reward. Give them to your mother. The mother of such a child is a good woman, I am sure."

Fill the gap

Language Lesson.

Of what is most of our bread made?
Why was it that many poor had not even enough to eat?
What did a kind man do?
How did one little girl act?
What did her mother find in a loaf of bread?
Why were the dollars put in the loaf?

rōde joined tĕn′dĕr Prĕş′ĭdent
shōwn fąl′en troŭ′ble mount′ĭng
Ā′brȧhăm Lĭn′ĸȯln rōad′sīde

Lesson 38.—An Anecdote of Abraham Lincoln.

President Abraham Lincoln, who was a very great man, had a heart as gentle and as tender as that of a woman.

Once, when he was a young man, he was traveling on horseback with a party of friends. As they passed some thick bushes, by the roadside, in which birds were singing sweetly, they saw on the ground a young bird not able to fly, which had, it seemed, fallen out of its nest.

The party had gone only a short way when Lincoln, turning his horse, said, "Ride slowly, boys; I will catch up with you."

His friends stopped, and looking after Lincoln, saw him ride back to the little bird, pick it up gently, and set it in the bushes, near its nest. Then mounting his horse he rode after his friends.

When he joined the party again, some one asked, "Why did you take the trouble to do that?" Lincoln looked at him a moment, and then answered, "Because it makes me feel better."

Remember that answer, children, for you may be sure that you will always feel better for a kindness shown to any of God's creatures.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils learn something about Abraham Lincoln, where he was born and what his early life was. Let them know how he studied when his day's work was done, and gradually rose until he became President.

Who was Abraham Lincoln?

What did he say when he saw a young bird on the ground?

What did he say when he joined his friends again?

sō*w*	rāk*e*	plān*e*	*h*ŏn′ ĕst
mō*w*	rē*ap*	shē*aves*	stō′ rĭes
bīnd	plow	thr*ough*	ūs*e*′ fụl
sēed	grȧs*s*	prĭnt′ ẽr	ẽär′ pĕn tẽr

Lesson 39.—A Choice of Trades.

FIRST BOY.

When I'm a man,
I'll be a farmer, if I can.
I'll plow the ground, and the seed I'll sow;
I'll reap the grain, and the grass I'll mow;
I'll bind the sheaves, and I'll rake the hay,
And pitch it into the barn away,—
When I'm a man.

SECOND BOY.

When I'm a man,
I'll be a carpenter, if I can.
I'll plane like this, and I'll hammer, so;
And this is the way my saw shall go;

I'll make bird-houses, and boxes, and boats,
And a ship that shall beat every other that floats,—
When I'm a man.

THIRD BOY.

When I'm a man,
I'll be a printer, if I can.
I'll make pretty books with pictures all through,
And papers I'll print, and send them to you;
I'll have the first reading,—oh! won't it be fun
To read all the stories before they are done?—
When I'm a man.

TOGETHER.

When we are men,
We hope to do great things; and then,
Whatever we do, this thing we'll say:
"We'll do our work in the very best way."
And you shall see, if you know us then,
We'll be good and honest and useful men,—
When we are men.

nĕt wōke tēeth lĭ′ŏn
frēe rōar shärp stō′rў
ȩąught bĭt′ten ăȩ′tion

Lesson 40.—The Lion and the Mouse.

One day, as a lion lay asleep in the woods, a mouse happened to run over his face. At this the great beast woke up, and with a quick jump caught the shivering little animal.

The frightened mouse thought that his time had come; but the lion looked at him for a moment, and then, as if he would not hurt such a small creature, let him go.

Some time after this, when the lion was walking through the woods, he was caught in a net that had been spread for him.

The beast tossed and tumbled and tried in every way to get free, but it was of no use. Then he gave such a roar that the other animals came running in a fright to see what had happened, and the mouse came with them.

As the lion is stronger than most of the other beasts, he is not liked by many of them, and they were glad to see him a prisoner. So they only looked on, without trying

in any way to free him from the net.

But the little mouse remembered how good the king of beasts had been to him at one time, and was not glad to see that he had been caught.

Here was a chance to help a friend. So up jumped the mouse and went to work. His little teeth were sharp; soon the net was bitten through, and the lion was free again.

This story teaches us that a kind action is never thrown away, and that the great may sometimes need the help of the small.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils copy from the lesson all the words of seven, eight, and nine letters, writing the number of letters above each word.

What does this lesson teach?

tĕn dīve
Rŏb strạw
ȧnts ȩo͞olş
swēep buş′ў
fĭx′ĕs jūi̯ç′ĕş
tọ gĕth′ẽr
wȯr′rў ĭng

Lesson 41.—Helping at Home.

"How can I help at home?" says many a child. "I am too young and too small to be of any use."

Ah, my dear, where there's a will there's a way. You may not be able to sweep or to wash or to do hard work, but there are many ways in which you can help.

I know a little girl who is just ten years old. Her name is Mary. Her father is dead and her mother is often out the whole day. There are two other children, baby Rob and four-year-old Anna, and while her mother is away Mary takes care of her brother and sister.

She not only plays with them, but she watches over them like a little mother, so that nothing may happen to them. When they are hungry, she fixes something for them to eat. She holds her baby brother on her lap, and cools the hot milk so that it will not burn his mouth.

She takes the children into the little garden at the back of the house, and together they follow the busy black ants that go to and from their nests.

She has watched these little creatures so often that she knows their ways and how hard they work.

She shows the children the bees as they dive into the flowers for the sweet juices with which to make honey. She points out the birds carrying bits of string and of straw, to build their nest in the tree.

In this way Mary keeps the little ones from worrying, and when her mother comes home from her day's work, she can rest, for the children are tired out and ready for bed.

You may not have to do what Mary does, but if you try you will surely find ways in which to help at home.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils tell of three or four ways in which they may help at home. Copy from the lesson all words that contain ***double letters,*** *as,* too, will, *etc.*

owl	nōte	dīned	tûr′key
sĕl*l*	ĕ*dg*e	quīnç*e*	g*uĭ* tär′
hĭl*l*	lănd	pound	shĭl*l*′ĭng
rĭng	fowl	slīç′ĕş	ĕl′ē g*a*nt
bŏng	spōōn	plĕn′tў	tăr′rĭed
bō*a*t	mīnç*e*	mȯn′eў	rŭn′çĭ ble

pē*a*′-grēen′ pĭg′ gў-wĭg

Lesson 42.—The Owl and the Pussy-cat.

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea
In a beautiful pea-green boat;
They took some honey, and plenty of money
Wrapped up in a five-pound note.
The Owl looked up to the moon above,
And sang to a small guitar,
"O lovely Pussy! O Pussy, my love!
What a beautiful Pussy you are,—
You are!
What a beautiful Pussy you are!"

Pussy said to the Owl, "You elegant fowl!
How wonderful sweet you sing!
O let us be married,—too long we have tarried,—
But what shall we do for a ring?"

They sailed away for a year and a day
To the land where the bong-tree grows,
And there in a wood, a piggy-wig stood
With a ring in the end of his nose,—
His nose,
With a ring in the end of his nose.

"Dear Pig, are you willing to sell for one shilling
Your ring?" Said the piggy, "I will."
So they took it away, and were married next day
By the turkey who lives on the hill.
They dined on mince and slices of quince,
Which they ate with a runcible spoon,
And hand in hand on the edge of the sand
They danced by the light of the moon,—
The moon,
They danced by the light of the moon.

Language Lesson.

Tarried means *waited.*

There is no such tree as the *bong-tree.* Like the author of that delightful book, "Alice in Wonderland," the writer of these verses takes many liberties with our language, and invents words to suit himself.

Runcible is another word of the writer's invention.

A *shilling* is an English coin, worth about twenty-five cents.

ēv*e* mēe*t* lăn′ tẽrn ạl rĕa*d*′ y̆
sēe*n* €rīe ş dĭs′ t*a*nç*e* fĭsh′ ẽr m*a*n
därk €ō*a*st €ăs′ sȯck grănd′ mȯth′ ẽr
shōr*e* sound mĭd′ nī*gh*t′ €*h*rĭs′ tȯ phẽr

Lesson 43.—A Legend of the Holy Child Jesus.

Many, many years ago there lived on a sea coast a little boy named Christopher. His mother was dead. His father was a fisherman, who had to be out on the water most of the time, and so the boy was left to the care of his grandmother.

She was very old and very pious as well. She was never tired telling the boy of the great St. Christopher, after whom he was named, and of the dear Holy Child Jesus.

The boy heard the story so often that he knew it by heart; he wished

that he, too, might serve the poor and the helpless as the saint had served them, but, more than all, he wished that he might meet the Holy Child and bear Him on his shoulders.

One Christmas Eve, at midnight, as the people were coming out of church, the sound of bells, far off, was heard. Lights could be seen in the distance, and cries for help came from over the sea.

Too well the fishermen and the people of that rough coast knew the meaning of those lights and sounds! Leaving everything, they hurried down to help the poor people who were out on the cruel waters.

Little Christopher had been serving at the altar, but when he heard the bells and the cries he started for the

shore, without even waiting to take off his cassock.

His father and other fishermen were already in their boats on their way to the ship.

Picking up a lantern, the boy jumped into a little boat, in which he used to row about in the summer. Then, making the sign of the cross, and asking St. Christopher to help him, he pushed out into the dark.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils write such words as they can make from some word selected by the teacher, for example, window: win, won, wind, in, on, widow, nod, do, *etc.*

What was the little boy's name?
After whom was he named?
To whose care was he left?
What story did he often hear?
What sound did the people hear as they came out of church one Christmas Eve?
What did Christopher do?

St. Christopher, bear me up! O Holy Child, save me!" he cried. The next moment the waters closed over his head, and then all was dark.

Suddenly it was no longer dark. A bright light shone about. Looking up, Christopher saw the Holy Child near by, standing on the water. Stooping down, He took the boy by the hand, and led him with the baby to the shore. Then the light faded away and the Holy Child was gone. At the same moment the storm ceased.

When the people who were kneeling on the shore drew round Christopher they found that his clothes and those of the baby were dry. The little one woke out of her sleep, and put out her hands to her mother,

who had been saved. She caught up the child and covered her with kisses, while her tears fell fast. Then every one, young and old, went back to the church to thank God for His mercies.

Language Lesson.

Let the pupils write words for the blanks in the following sentences:

There lived on the —— a little boy named ——.
He wished that he might —— the Holy Child and —— Him on his ——.
Leaving everything, they —— down to help the poor ——.
He started for the shore, without even waiting to take off his ——.
A fisherman —— to him to turn back.
The people who were —— on the shore drew round.

Memory Gem.

All things bright and beautiful,
All creatures great and small,
All things wise and wonderful,—
The good God made them all.

wīld	hă*tch*	pĭt′ ĭed	whĕn ĕv′ ẽr
lāk*e*	Whīt′ *eў*	hĭd′ d*e*n	Sŭn′ bē*a*m′
swăm	fŏs′ tẽr	tō′ *w*ardş	n*e*i*gh*′ borş
spâr*e*	rĭv′ ẽr	wạd′ dlĭng	dŭ*c*k′ lĭngş

Lesson 45.—Sunbeam's Ducklings.

Sunbeam was a little girl, about ten years old, who lived with her father and mother near a beautiful river. This name of Sunbeam

was given to the little girl because she was so pleasant that she seemed like a bright sunbeam.

Sunbeam had no chance to go to school, for there were no schools where she lived. But whenever her mother could spare an hour she used to teach Sunbeam and her brother.

There were no neighbors near her father's farm, so the little girl had no one to play with except her brother Tom. She and Tom often went out together for a walk.

One day as they were walking near a small lake, about a mile from their home, they heard the flutter of wings, and at the same moment saw a wild duck rise out of the grass near by and fly away.

The children ran to the place, and in the grass they found thirteen blue duck eggs. Sunbeam had often wished for some little wild ducks, but as they were too wild to catch, she had no hope of ever having such pets. Here was a chance, so she took the eggs home.

When they reached home Sunbeam found that old Whitey, a favorite duck, was ready to hatch, so she gave her the thirteen eggs to sit upon.

Some weeks after, Sunbeam was delighted to see thirteen tiny wild ducks waddling about. They were smaller than the tame ducks, but seemed to grow very fast.

In about a week Sunbeam thought it was time to let them go out. As

soon as they were free they started for the river. When they reached there they swam off very quickly. Their foster-mother kept close to them, quacking as if to tell them not to go too far. When she turned toward home, they gathered round her and followed her a little way, then turned about and swam off.

Whitey followed them and kept calling, but they only swam the faster. There was a turn in the river, and there the little wild swimmers were close to the shore. When they reached that turn they were out of the water in a moment, and were soon hidden in the thick grass which grew about.

Poor Whitey searched a long time for them, but it was of no use. Then

she swam up the river slowly. When at last she came home alone Sunbeam pitied her, and felt sure that some one had stolen the ducklings.

Language Lesson.

Let the answers of the pupils be in complete sentences.

Who was Sunbeam?
With whom did she live?
Why was she called Sunbeam?
Who used to teach her?
Who was her only playmate?
What did she and Tom find in the grass?
What did she do with the eggs?
What did the ducklings do?

---

bȧth	drĭn̲k	ēōaxed	rē′ al lў
mēre	sĭl′ lў	līve′ lў	ē′ ven ĭng
slĕpt	blāmed	lōne′ lў	lĭs′ tened

Lesson 46.—Sunbeam's Ducklings (*Continued*).

The name of the wild duck that laid the eggs was Greenwing. The day that Sunbeam and Tom found her thirteen eggs she had sat on them for the first time.

The children's voices frightened her, so she flew away and left her eggs.

About an hour after she returned, and when she found that all her eggs were gone she was very sorry, and blamed herself for flying away at the mere sound of voices.

I am sorry to say that some young mother ducks laughed at poor lonely Greenwing, and said she was silly to fly away and leave her eggs; they were sure that *they* would not do such a thing. But the older ducks pitied Greenwing, and often asked her to go out on the lake and swim with them and their little ones.

On the evening that Whitey saw the little wild ducks running away and could not find them, Greenwing was sitting all alone near the lake.

Suddenly she thought she heard the cry of a duckling in the grass, some distance off. She listened and again she heard the same cry.

Greenwing had a kind heart, and was always ready to help any one in trouble. She waddled off toward the place from which the cry seemed to come, and as she drew nearer and heard no mother's answering quack, she wondered what it meant.

At last she came upon the thirteen little ducks looking very lonely. When they first heard Greenwing's quack, they were so frightened that they tried to run away; but they were too tired.

Greenwing coaxed them along to the lake, where she found some live worms and insects for them. Then

she led them into the water, where they had a bath and a drink. That night the ducklings slept soundly, covered by the wings of little Greenwing, who felt that these were really her own ducklings.

From that time no duck was more lively than Greenwing, and no ducklings were more fond of their mother than the thirteen that ran away from old Whitey and dear little Sunbeam.

Language Lesson.

Let the answers be in complete sentences.

What was the name of the duck that laid the eggs?
What did some young mother ducks do?
Where was Greenwing when the little ducks ran away from Whitey?
What did Greenwing do when she heard the cry of a duckling?
What did she do when she found the ducklings?
Where did the ducklings sleep that night?

c o ŏ k	c r ĕ p t	t r ē *a* t	v ĭ ş′ ĭ t
m ā *i* d	f ē *a* s t	b r o u g h t	ĕ n′ t ē r e d

Lesson 47.—The City Mouse and the Country Mouse.

A mouse that lived in a fine house in the city, and was used to good food, made a visit to a friend in the country.

The Country Mouse was glad to see his city friend, and when it was dinner time he brought out some wheat and dry corn, and put them before his friend. It was not

a great treat, but it was the best he had.

"Ah, young fellow," said the City Mouse, "I am sorry for you, if this is the way you have to live. You are really to be pitied. Come to the city with me, and I will give you a dinner that is fit to sit down to."

The Country Mouse was very glad to go, so off the two started. When they reached the home of the City Mouse, they sat down to a feast fit for a king. There were cakes and cheese, apples and nuts, and all kinds of good things.

The mice were eating away and enjoying themselves, when suddenly the room-door opened, and in came the cook. "Quick! quick!" cried the

City Mouse, and off they ran to hide.

After a while they were over their fright, and crept out, to begin eating again, when a kitchen maid entered the room. It was all the mice could do to get away in time.

The Country Mouse could stand it no longer.

"It is true," he said, "that you have the best of food to pick from, and a fine place to eat in, but you are always in fear of your life. I have not too much food, and such as I have is not of the best. But, at least, I am happy and safe. So, by your leave, I will go back home where there is nothing to fear. Good-by," and away he went.

bow′ ẽr grŭ*dg*e stą*l*ks tĭm′ ĭd

The city mouse lives in a house;—
The garden mouse lives in a bower,
He's friendly with the frogs and toads,
And sees the pretty plants in flower.

The city mouse eats bread and cheese;
The garden mouse eats what he can;
We will not grudge him seed and stalks,
Poor little, timid, furry man.

Let the pupils memorize the above verses.

A *bower* is a covered place in a garden, made with boughs of trees or vines twined together.

---

găs pōke hōles ¢ŏm′ mȯn
lŏt hä*l*f bōneş stē*a*m′ ẽr
pē*a*t dē*a*l stōveş Īç*e*′ l*a*nd
¢ō*a*l drīed chĭl*l*′ y̆ sē*a*′ wē*e*d
märsh′ ĕş lō ¢ȯ mō′ tĭveş ė̄ lĕ¢ trĭç′ ĭ ty̆

Lesson 48.—Fire.

It was raining hard. Outdoors it was cold, and it was chilly even in

the house. There was no fun in looking out of the window, so Fred began to poke the fire. "It must take a lot of coal to keep all the fires in the world going," he said to his mother, who was sewing.

"It would," she answered, "if all the fires in the world were kept going by coal. But, you must remember, there is a great deal of wood used. When I was a girl, we burned nothing else but wood at home.

"In many countries peat is used. It is found in marshes, and when it is dried it burns freely and makes a hot fire.

"In Iceland the fires are made of fish bones, and among the Eskimos, as you know, oil lamps keep their houses warm.

"In parts of France near the seashore, and in some other countries as well, seaweed is dried and burned. In hot countries where fires are not needed except for cooking, the people dig large holes in the ground. Into these holes stones are thrown and heated and on them the food is cooked.

"In our own homes coal is not used as much as it was a few years ago. Oil and gas have taken its place for both heating and cooking. As you know, oil and gas stoves are common now in kitchens and other rooms.

"On some steamers and locomotives oil is burned instead of coal, and there are many people who believe that the time is not far off when elec-

tricity will drive out wood and coal, oil and gas, for both heating and cooking."

"Oh, thank you, mother. I wonder if I shall ever know half as much as you do."

"Learn a little at a time, my dear, a little at a time," said his mother, stooping over and kissing him. Then she went on with her sewing.

Language Lesson.

Name some of the things used for making fires instead of coal.

Where is peat found?

Of what are fires made in Iceland?

How do the Eskimos keep their houses warm?

What is used for fires in some parts of France?

What has taken the place of coal in many kitchens?

What may drive out wood and coal, oil and gas, for both heating and cooking?

What lesson did Fred's mother wish to teach him?

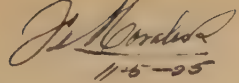
wạr	pĭt′ y̆	thō*ugh*	ȧ grēe′
shrĕd	¢rŭm*b*ṣ	kĭl*l*ed	wĭth ạl′
spāç*e*	frō′ z*e*n	ȧ ¢rŏs*s*′	wē*a*k′ nĕs*s*
dou*b*t	stärv*e*d	sĕlf′ ĭsh	quạr′ rĕl ĭng

Lesson 49.—Three Little Bugs in a Basket.

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And hardly room for two;
And one was yellow, and one was black,
  And one like me or you;
The space was small, no doubt, for all,
  So what should the three bugs do?

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And hardly crumbs for two;
And all were selfish in their hearts,
  The same as I or you.
So the strong ones said, "We will eat the bread,
  And that's what we will do!"

Three little bugs in a basket,
  And the beds but two could hold;
And so they fell to quarreling—
  The white, the black, and the gold—
And two of the bugs got under the rugs,
  And one was out in the cold.



He that was left in the basket
  Without a crumb to chew,
Or a shred to wrap himself withal,
  When the wind across him blew,
Pulled one of the rugs from one of the bugs,
  And so the quarrel grew.

So there was war in the basket;
  Ah! pity 'tis 'tis true!
But he that was frozen and starved, at last
  A strength from his weakness drew,
And pulled the rugs from both the bugs,
  And killed and ate them, too!

Now when bugs live in a basket,
  Though more than it well can hold,
It seems to me they had better agree—
  The black, the white, and the gold—
And share what comes of beds and crumbs,
  And leave no bug in the cold.

Language Lesson.

blew blue week weak

ärt	Frĕnch	chăr′ĭ tў	Vĭn′ çent
fâ*i*r	ĭn vĕnt′	sĕv′ ĕr *a*l	mů ş*e*′ ŭm
ä*u*nt	nŭm′ bĕr	fā′ vor ĭt*e*	€à thē′ dr*a*l
	dė̆ lī*gh*t′ ĕd	hăp′ pĭ nĕs*s*	
	tọ-mŏr′ rō*w*	rĕp′ rė̆ ş*e*nts′	

Lesson 50.—Elizabeth to her Mother.

New York, May 16, 1902.

Dear Mother:—

I am enjoying my visit to the city very much, for Aunt Mary does all she can to make it pleasant.

Almost every day she takes me to see something new. One day we went to the great cathedral, and I have never seen any church half so fine. Another day we visited the Museum of Art, and I was delighted. You know how much I like pictures; I could spend several days there looking only at the pictures.

There are so many and they are so beautiful, that I can not tell which I like the best. One, called "The Horse Fair," that represents a number of horses, pleased me very much, for the horse, you know, is my favorite animal. This picture was painted by a French woman; I do not remember her name, but Aunt Mary told me it means "happiness."

There is another picture there that I want you to tell me something about. It represents St. Vincent with a number of little children and some Sisters of Charity. Now, mother, why is it that in pictures of St. Vincent there are always Sisters? Did he invent these Sisters, or what is the reason of it?

To-morrow we are to go to a second museum, in which, Aunt Mary says, there is as much to see as in the first. When I write again, I shall tell you about it.

I am very well and hope you all are. Give my love to every one, and write to me soon.

Your loving daughter

ELIZABETH.

yĕt bought dĕ pĕndṣ′ rĕ lī′ g*i*ön
sōld ȧ mȯng′ prē*a*ch′ ẽr rĕ çē*i*ve*d*′
ē*a*ṣe ĭn dēe*d*′ quĕs′ tion lē*a*d′ ĭng
prōōf pī′ rȧte ôr′ ph*a*nṣ our sĕlve*s*′
Tûrk sŭe çĕs*s*′ whĕth′ ẽr €*h*rĭs′ tian
€ŏn vĕrt′ ĕd fȧ mĭl′ iar fŏr gŏt′ ten

Lesson 51.—Answer of Elizabeth's Mother.

Lakeside, May 19, 1902

Dear Elizabeth:—

We received your little letter, and were very glad, indeed, to learn that you are enjoying yourself. It is no more than I looked for, as I know that Aunt Mary will try in every way to make your visit pleasant.

Now, as to your question about St. Vincent and the Sisters of Charity. If I answer that, I shall have to leave everything else for another letter, or this will be too long.

To begin, let me tell you that St. Vincent did not "invent" the Sisters of Charity; that is not the word to use, my dear. St. Vincent was one of those who "founded," or began, the Sisters of Charity.

St. Vincent's life is another proof that it much depends on ourselves whether or not we rise in life and become great.

He was the son of a poor and humble farmer, but he was pious and loved to study, and in time became a priest. He was not a great preacher who could move people by his words, nor did he try to do anything to make a name for himself. He merely kept at his work, and yet he will be remembered when many other great men are forgotten.

He was a priest only a few years, when he was taken prisoner at sea by a pirate and sold to a Turk. The man who bought him had been a Christian, but gave up his religion to live a life of ease. From time to time he talked with his holy slave, and at last was converted by him. Then they both left Turkey and went to France.

There St. Vincent began work among the poor, teaching them, and leading them to live pious lives. It was about this time that he founded the Sisters of Charity. These Sisters were to visit the poor, the sick, and those in prison, and to take care of orphans and of other poor children who had no one to look after them.

The Saint was not alone in this work. A pious French woman helped him and did much for its success. While his is a familiar name in every Christian land, it is by the work of the Sisters of Charity that he is best known, and that is why his picture and that of the Sisters are so often seen together.

Now, my dear, I have told you in a few words something about St. Vincent; there is much more to be told, but you have at least learned a little about this great and holy man.

Enjoy yourself, dear, while you are with your aunt, but take time to write home now and then. All join me in sending love, but none sends a larger share than

YOUR MOTHER.

ō*w*n	shôrt	he*igh*t	shăd′ ŏ*w*
nōōn	ą̣l′ sō	lĕngth	plā*n*′ lў
nī*n*e	drō*v*e	prĕş′ *e*nt	bĭrth′ dā*y*′
rų̣l*e*	tōōlş	märk*e*d	mĕ*a*ş′ ūreş
quī*t*e	smōōth	nō′ tĭç*e*d	fō*r*e′ nōōn′

Lesson 52.—Shadows.

When my brother Tom was nine years of age, father gave him a box of tools as a birthday present. He was very much pleased, and it was not long before he was sawing and hammering away, trying to make something. He made a box for the kitchen, to hold coal, and after that a little toy wagon for Anna's doll.

The tool that he likes best is a foot-rule, and he seems never to tire using it. He measures the chairs, the tables, the windows, the fences, and other things in and around the house.

Once he tried to measure his own shadow, but he found it was not easy to do that, for while at one time of the day it would be quite long, at another it was very short.

This set Tom to thinking. Then he found that the shadow was long in the morning, shorter at noon, and large again in the afternoon, until sunset, when it could not be seen at all. He also found that twice each day, once in the forenoon and once in the afternoon, his shadow was just his own length.

At the back of our garden there stands a beautiful tree. Tom often wondered how high it was, but did not know just how to measure it. One morning he noticed the long shadow of this tree plainly marked on the

smooth grass. Here was something to work upon, thought Tom.

Getting a long stick, he drove it into the ground, and saw that its shadow was longer than the stick itself. He knew that the shadows grow shorter at this time of the day, so he sat down with a book and waited.

In about an hour he saw that the stick and its shadow were the same length. Then Tom ran to measure the tree. He found its shadow to be twenty-nine feet, and he felt sure that the height of the tree was the same.

He was so much pleased when he found out this, that he has about made up his mind to try to measure the distance to the moon, but I doubt whether he will be able to do that.

ŏft	nȯne	ī′dl*e*	seănt′ў
nā*y*	lā′zў	flēe*ç*e	nĭp′pĭng
fâr*e*	dew′ў	mȧs′tẽr	dā*i*′ş̆ĭeş̆

Lesson 53.—The Boy and the Sheep.

"Lazy sheep, pray tell me why
In the pleasant field you lie,
Eating grass and daisies white
From the morning until night?
Everything has work to do;
None are idle,—why are you?"

"Nay, my little master, nay;
Do not serve me so, I pray!
Do you see the wool that grows
On my back to make your clothes?
Very cold would children be
If they had no wool from me.

"True, it seems a pleasant thing,
Nipping daisies in the spring;
But what chilly nights I pass
On the cold and dewy grass!
Oft I pick my scanty fare
Where the ground is brown and bare.

"Then the farmer comes at last,
When the merry spring is past,
Cuts my woolly fleece away
For your coat in wintry day.
Little master, this is why
In the pleasant field I lie."

KEY TO PRONUNCIATION.

VOWELS.

ā, as in dāy.
ă, as in căt.
â, as in bâre.
ä, as in cär.
å, as in åsk.
ą, as in bąll.
ạ, like ŏ, as in whạt.

ē, as in bē.
ĕ, as in ĕnd.
ê, like â, as in thêre.
ẽ, as in hẽr.

ī, as in rīpe.
ĭ, as in hĭs.
ĩ, like ẽ, as in bĩrd.

ō, as in nō.
ŏ, as in dŏg.
ȯ, like ŭ, as in wȯn.
o͝o, like o͞o, as in do͝.
o̤, like o͞o, as in wo̤man.
ô, like ą, as in fôr.
o͞o, as in mo͞on.
o͝o, as in bo͝ok.

ū, as in blūe.
ŭ, as in fŭn.
u̇, like o͝o, as in pu̇t.
û, as in tûrn.

ȳ, as in mȳ.
y̆, as in baby̆.

å, ê, ȯ, are similar in sound to long ā, ē, ō, but are not to be pronounced so long.

CONSONANTS.

ç, soft, like s sharp, as in façe
ċ, hard, like k, as in ċan.
ġ, soft like j, as in aġe.
ş, soft, like z, as in haş.
th, flat, as in this.

LIST OF WORDS.

The following is an alphabetical list of the words used in this Reader.

This list will prove useful for exercises in spelling, pronunciation, language lessons, and review work.

ā′ ble
å bōard′
å bȯve′
Ā′ brå hăm
å ₵rŏss′
ă₵′ tion
ădd′ ĕd
å frāid′
āġe
å grēe′
äh
å līke′
ăl lowed′
ạl′ mōst
ạl rĕad′ y̆
ạl′ sō
ạl′ tar
å mȯng′
ăn′ ĭ malş
ånts
ăn′ vĭl
är′ mў
ăr′ rȯwş
ärt
å shāmed′
āte
äunt
Ä′ vẹ
bădе
bâre
bâth
beârş
bēats
beaū′ tĭ fụl
beaū′ tў
bẻ ₵āme′
bẻ ₵ạuşe′
bẻ ₵ȯmeş′
bĕd
bēef
bẻ găn′
bẻ gĭn′
bẻ lĭēve′
bẻ sīdeş′
bĕt′ tẽr
bẻ twēen′
bĭlls
bīnd
birth′ dāy′
bĭt
bītes
bĭt′ ten
blăck′ smĭth′
blāmed
blew
bōat
bōld
bōneş
bŏng
bōōt
bŏt′ tȯm
bought
bow

bō*w*
bow′ ẽr
bō*w*lş
brånch′ ĕş
brĕ*a*d
brĕ*a*st
brī*gh*t
brō′ k*e*n
brought
brown
browş′ ĭng
bŭb′ bleş
bŭdş
bŭg
bu*i*ld
bu*i*lt
bŭn′ dl*e*
bûrn*e*d
bûrst
bụsh
buş′ y̆
bŭt′ t*o*n
c*ä*l*f*
cāne
Ca nūte′
căp′ ta*i*n
cär
cär′ pĕn tẽr
căr′ rĭa*g*e
căr′ rĭed
cärved
căs′ sock
căt′ ẽr pĭl′ lar
cå thē′ dr*a*l
ca*ugh*t
cēa*s*ed
cĕl*l*
cĕnt
chā*i*nş
chånçed
chăr′ ĭ tў
chärm′ ĭng lў
chās*e*
chēeks
chĕr′ rĭeş
chew′ ĭng
chĭl *l*′y̆
Ch*h*rĭs′ tian
Ch*h*rĭs*t*′ mas
Ch*h*rĭs′ tŏ phẽr
chûrch
chûrn′ ĭng
Çĭn′ dẽr ĕl′ lå
çĭt′ y̆
clēar
clōse
clōşed
clōthes
cōach′ m*a*n
cōal
cōast
cōaxed
cŏb′ blẽr
coin
cōlt
cōm*b*
cŏm′ mon
cŏn tĕnt′
cŏn vẽrt′ ĕd
cōō
cŏŏk
cōōlş
count
cov′ ẽr lĕt
crēam
crēa′ tûreş
crĕpt
crīeş
crown
crụ′ ĕl
crŭm*b*ş
crŭm′ pled
crў
cŭd
cûrled
dāi′ şĭeş
dånçe
därk
dą*ugh*′ tẽr
dēal
dĕath
dĕcks
dēer

dẻ fēat′ ĕd
dẻ līght′ ĕd
dẻ pĕndṣ′
dẻ vō′ tion
dew′ y̆
dĭg′ gĭng
dīned
dĭs′ tançe
dīve
dŏl′ larṣ
dȯne
dōor
doubt
drąw
drew
drīed
drĭn̲k
drīve
drŏp
drōve
drowned
drȳ
dŭck′ lĭngṣ
dŭll
dŭst
dūr′ ĭng
ēach
ēarth
ēaṣe
ēast
ēat′ en

ĕdge
ĕggṣ
ẻ′ lĕe trĭç′ ĭ tў
ĕl′ ẻ gant
Ê lĭz′ å bĕth
ĕlse
ĕmp′ tў
ĕnd
ĕn′ ẻ mў
En̲g′ land
En̲g′ lĭsh
ẻ nough′
ĕn′ tĕred
Ĕs′ kĭ mōṣ
ēve
ē′ ven
ē′ ven ĭng
ĕx çĕpt
fād′ ĕd
fâir
fâir′ y̆
fąll′ en
få mĭl′ iar
fâre
făt
fā′ vor ĭte
fēast
fēet
fĕl′ lȯw
fĕlt
fĕnç′ ĕṣ

few
fĭnd
fĭn′ ĭshed
fīre
fĭrst
fĭsh′ ĕr man
fĭst
fĭt
fĭx′ ĕs
flăt′ tĕred
flēeçe
flĕsh
flour
flŭt′ tĕr ĭng
fōlks
fŏl′ lȯw
fo͞od
fo͞ol′ ĭsh
fōre′ no͞on
fŏr′ ĕst
fŏr ĕv′ ĕr
fŏr gŏt′ ten
fŏs′ tĕr
fōurth
fowl
Frånçe
Frăn̲k
frēe
Frĕnch
frīght′ ened
frȯnt

frō′ zen
fŭn′ nĕl
gāme
găs
ġĕn′ tle
Ġĕr′ mȧ nў
gĭv′ ĭng
glȧss
gōeş
gō′ ĭng
gōld
Gōld′ en-hâir
grāin
grănd′ mȯth′ ĕr
grȧss
grēed′ ў
Grēen′ land
grew
growled
grōwn
grŭdġe
gu*ĕ*ss′ ĭng
gu*ĭ* tär′
hā*i*l
hâir
hä*l*f
hăm′ mĕr
hăng′ ĭng
hăp′ pened
hăp′ pĭ nĕss
härd
hăt*c*h
hą*w*k
hē*a*ped
hĕav′ ў
hē*igh*t
hĕld
hĕlp′ lĕs*s*
Hĕr′ măn
hĕr sĕlf′
hĭd′ den
hīdeş
hĭ*ll*
hōld
hōleş
*h*ŏn′ ĕst
hōōf
hŏp*p*ed
hŏt
*h*our
hūġe
hŭm′ ble
hŭn′ drĕd
hŭng
hŭnt′ ĕr
hŭr′ rĭed
hŭş′ ba*n*d
Īçe′ la*n*d
ī′ dle
ĭn dēed′
ĭn′ sīde
ĭn vĕnt′
ī′ ron
ĭt sĕlf′
Jō*a*n
joined
jūi*ç*′ ĕş
jŭst
kĭ*ll*ed
kĭng
kĭs*s*′ ĕş
kĭ*t*ch′ ĕn
kīte
*k*nēel′ ĭng
*k*nĕlt
lā′ dў
lā*i*d
lāke
lămps
lănd
lăn′ guȧġ ĕş
lăn′ tĕrn
lăp
läugh
lā′ zў
lēad′ ĭng
lē*a*ned
lē*a*rned
lē*a*st
lĕd
lĕngth
līe
lĭl′ ĭeş

Lĭn′ ɛo̊ln
lī′ o̊n
lĭs′ *t*ened
lĭve
līve′ lў
lōad
lōaf
lō′ ɛo̊ mō′ tĭveş
lōne′ lў
lọş′ ĕş
lŏst
lŏt
loud
lōw
lŭmp
mä′ *a*m
māid
māk′ ĭng
mān′ ġēr
Mȧ rï′ ȧ
märked
măr′ rĭed
märsh′ ĕş
mȧs′ tēr
mȧsts
mĕant
mĕaş′ ůreş
mēat
mēet
mĕlt
mēr′ çĭeş
mēre
mĕr′ rў
mĭd′ dle
mĭd′ nīght′
mīleş
mĭll
mĭnçe
mīndş
mĭr′ ȧ ɛle
mĭt′ tĕnş
mŏd′ ĕst
mo̊n′ eў
mo̊nth
mount′ ĭng
mọve
mọv′ ĭng
mōw
Mr.
mů ş̣ē′ ŭm
Nā′ tůre
nạugh′ tў
nāy
nēar
nĕcks
neigh′ borş
nēi′ tHēr
nĕt
nīne
nĭp′ pĭng
no̊ne
nōōn
nōşe
nōte
no̊th′ ĭng
nō′ tĭçed
nŭm′ bĕr
ōats
o̊ beў′
o̊′ ɛlo̊ck′
ō′er
o̊f′ fēred
o̊ft
o̊f′ ten
o̊r′ phanş
ought
our sĕlveş′
out′ dōorş′
owl
ōwn
pāġe
pāint′ ẽr
pāle
pärt
pȧssed
pȧst
pēa′-grēen′
pēat
pĕlt′ ĕd
pērched
pēr hăps′
pēr mĭt′ tĕd
pĕt

piēçe
pĭg′ gў-wĭg
pī′ oŭs
pī′ rȧte
pĭtch′ fôrk′
pĭt′ ĭed
pĭt′ ў
plāin′ lў
plāne
plănt
plāy′ ẽr
plĕn′ tў
plow
plŭmp
pŏck′ ĕt
pōke
pōle
pō′ nў
pổ tā′ tōeş
pounçe
pound
prēach′ ẽr
prĕ′şent
Prĕş′ ĭ dent
pret′ tĭ ĕst
prĭnçe
prĭnt′ ẽr
prĭ′ şon ẽr
prōōf
prổ tĕets′
pụllş
pŭmp′ kĭn
pụsh
quăck
quạr′ rĕl ĭng
quēer
quĕs′ tion
quī′ ĕt lў
quĭnçe
quīte
răgş
rāişe
rāke
rē′ al lў
rēap
rēa′ şon
rẻ çēived′
rẻ lĭ′ ġiȯn
rĕp′ rẻ şĕnts′
rĕst′ ĭng
rẻ tûrn′ ĭng
rīde
rĭng
rĭv′ ẽr
rōad′ sīde′
rōam
rōar
Rŏb
rōde
rōlled
rōş′ ĕş
rōş′ ў

rough
rōv′ ĭng
rōw
rŭb
rŭg
rụle
rŭn′ çĭ ble
sāil′ ĭng
sāil′ ors
săt
sāve
seāle
seănt′ ў
serēam
sēarch
sēat′ ĕd
sēa′ wēed
sĕe′ ȯnd
sēed
sēen
sĕlf′ ĭsh
sĕll
sĕp′ ȧ rā′ tĕd
sērv′ ant
sērve
sĕt
sĕv′ ẽr al
sew
shăd′ ổw
shāke
shāpe

shâr*e*
shärp
shē*a*veş
shĕp′ *h*ĕrdş
shĭl*l*′ ĭng
shĭp
sho͝*e*
shōn*e*
sho͝ot
shŏp
shōr*e*
shôrt
shō*u*l′ dĕr
shout′ ĕd
shō*w*
shō*w*n
shrĕd
shrĭl*l*
sĭ*e*ve
sīgn
sĭlk
sĭl′ lў
sĭt
sīzed
skĭn
slăp
slĕdş
slĕn′ dĕr
slĕpt
slīç′ ĕş
slĭp′ pĕr
slў
sm*a*l*l*′ ĕr
smo͞oth
sō*a*p
sŏft′ lў
sōld
sȯm*e*′ bŏd ў
sȯn
sŏr′ rў
sound
so͝*u*p
sō*w*
spāç*e*
spâr*e*
spăr′ rŏ*w*
spĕ*c*k
spĕndş
spent
spĭr′ ĭt
spo͞on
sprĭng
squĭr′ rĕl
stā′ ble
stâ*i*rş
st*a*l*k*s
stärved
stăt′ ů*e*
stā*y*
stĕ*a*d
stē*a*m′ ĕr
stĕm
stĕp*p*ed
stĭcks
stōn*e*
sto͝od
sto͞op
stō′ rĭeş
stôrm
stō′ rў
stōveş
strānǧ*e*
str*a**w*
strĕngth
strīk*e*
strŏng
stŭck
stŭd′ ĭed
stū′ pĭd
sù*e* çĕs*s*′
sŭd′ dĕn lў
Sŭn′ bē*a*m′
sŭp pōşed′
sur*e*
sûr prīşe′
swa*l*′lō*w*ş
swăm
swēep
t*a*l*k*′ ĭng
tăr′ rĭed
tāst′ ĕd
tē*a*rş
tēeth

tĕm′ pĕrĕd
tĕn
tĕn′ dĕr
tĕr′ rĭ blў
thăṅk
t̶hĕm sĕlveṣ′
thĭck
thĭrd
thĭr′ tēen
t̶hō*ugh*
threw
thrọ*ugh*
tīd*e*
tĭm′ ĭd
tī′ nў
tō*a*d
tọ gĕt̶h′ ĕr
tọ-mŏr′ rō*w*
tōō
tōōlṣ
to*u*ch
tō′ *w*ardṣ
toy
trăp
trēat
trĭck
trŏd′ den
trŏl′ leў
troŭ′ bl*e*
trụ*e*
Tûrk
tûr′ keў
twĕlv*e*
twĕn′ tў
twīç*e*
twĭt′ tĕr
ŭṇ′ ₵l*e*
ŭn tĭl′
ŭp′ pĕr
ūṣed
ūs*e*′ fụl
vēal
Vĭ₵′ tọr
Vĭn′ ç*e*nt
vĭṣ′ ĭt
voiç*e*
wạd′ dlĭng
wạr
wạrm
wạsh
wāve
wēak′ nĕss
weâr
wĕat̶h′ ĕr
wē*e*
wēek
wēep
wĕt
whēat
whĕn ĕv′ ĕr
whêr ĕv′ ĕr
whĕt̶h′ ĕr
whĭp
Whīt′ e*y*
*w*hole
*w*họm
whў
wīf*e*
wīld
wĭnd
wĭn′ dō*w*
wĭnged
wĭngṣ
wĭn′ tĕr
wĭt̶h ạl′
wĭt̶h′ ĕr
wōk*e*
wọlf
wọn′ dĕr
wọn′ dĕr fụl
wōr*e*
wọrld
wọrm
wọr′ rў ĭng
*w*răpṣ
*w*rĕck
*w*rĭst
yĕt
yo*u*ng

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